

Alley
CHARLES STARRETT as

10c

the
DURANGO KID

DURANGO KID

NO. 20



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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

My age is: _____

THE DURANGO KID

The DURANGO KID

STEVE BRAND AND MULEY PIKE
BUY MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED
FOR WHEN THEY PURCHASED A
CATTLE RANCH!

THEY PAY A HARD PRICE OF
DANGER AND SIGN THE DEED
IN BLOOD AS **DURANGO** RIDES
TO THE TUNE OF FLAMING SIX-
GUNS ALONG A BITTER TRAIL
TO THE

"SMUGGLER'S DEN!"



ART BY FRED
GUARDINEER

BIG NEWS! STEVE AND MULEY HAVE BOUGHT
A RANCH!

WELL,
MULEY - THERE SHE IS -
THE LAZY X! THERE'S
ALL OUR LIFE-SAVINGS,
PAL!

DAW-GONE, EF SHE AIN'T
DEST AS PURTY AS THUH
MAN SAID! WE DONE
WAITED A LONG, LONG
SPELL FER THIS,
PARDNER!



THUH RANCH HOUSE IS
SORTA LOP-EARED A BIT, BUT
I RECKON YOU AN' ME KIN FIX
IT UP FINE

LET'S GO! PLENTY
OF WORK FOR US
FROM NOW ON.
OLD-TIMER!



THE DURANGO KID

BUT - INSIDE THE RANCHHOUSE...!

THIS IS THUH LIFE, ALL
RIGHT. THUH BOSS SHORE
WUZ USIN' THUH OL'
BEAN ON THIS
JOB.

YEAH -
SMART /
WE SQUAT ON THIS OL'
ABANDONED RANCH AN'
USE IT TUH HIDE THUH
CATTLE WE SMUGGLE IN FROM
OVER THUH BORDER...



WELL, ILL GIVE
WHO IN BLAZIE
ARE YOU?

WHUT THUH - !
WHO IN TARNATION
ARE YOU ?



WE JUST OWN THIS SPREAD, THAT'S
ALL! JUST BOUGHT IT, AND TRAVELLING COWBOYS
ARE ALWAYS WELCOME, GENTS, AT THE LAZY X -
AS LONG AS THEY'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE!
SO WHAT'S YOUR GAME ?



SHOOTIN'S
MUH GAME, HOMBRE !
YIIII !

TWO CAN
PLAY THAT GAME,
MISTER !



NOW - REACH FOR AIR !
ALL OF YOU ! AND START
TALKING - FAST !



SLICK WORK, TENNESSEE !
GUNWHIP THET OTHER HOMBRE AN'
LET'S GIT OUTA HYAR ! WE GOTTA REPORT
THIS TUH THUH BOSS !



NEXT D
BIT, STE
FORK FO

THUH JA
UN'S A F
SH

I D
TU
NEX
STR

THE DURANGO KID

NEXT DAY... AFTER THEIR HEADS HAVE STOPPED ACHING A BIT, STEVE AND MULEY GO INTO THE NEARBY TOWN OF STONY FORK FOR PROVISIONS...

THEM'S THUH JASPER'S BOSS. THUH YOUNGER UN'S A FAST TRICK WITH A SHOOTIN' IRON.

HMMMM, I'LL FIX'EM LEAVE IT TO ME!



HOWDY SHERIFF - I SEE YUH'RE KEEPIN' YORE EYE ON THEM TWO STRANGERS WHUT JEST POPPED INTUH TOWN.

YUP - THEM TWO YOUNGSTERS MUST HAVE PLENTY O' AMBITION, BUYIN' UP THET OL' BROKEN-DOWN RANCH.



I DUNNO. PEARS MIGHTY STRANGE TUH ME. THUH LAZY X BEIN' RIGHT NEXT TUH THUH BORDER. WONDER EF THEM STRANGERS FIGGER TUH RUIN SMUGGLED CATTLE ACROSS THUH LINE?

GOLLY! BUT THEM YOUNG FELLERS JEST DON'T LOOK LIKE THUH KIND TUH DO THET. BALSER!

MERBEE. BUT WITH THE HIGH BORDER TAX, SMUGGLIN' MEXICAN BEEF WOULD BE MIGHTY PROFITABLE FOR'EM. OH WELL, JEST THOUGHT I'D MENTION IT...



DOGGONIT - YUH SHORE PLT A BUG IN MUH HAID, BALSER! BUT I GUESS IT WOULD JEST SORTA BE IN LINE O'DUTY IF I RIDE OUT THAR TONIGHT AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND, ANYWAY. CAINT DO NO HARM - AFTER ALL, THEY'RE STRANGERS!

YUH'RE RIGHT, SHERIFF. WHY, THANKS WILLS-WONT DO NO HARM. TO CHECK UP TELL YUH WHUT-BALSER... BUT I'LL RIDE ALONG WITH YUH - JEST FER THUH EXERCISE AN' COMPANY.

OH YES YUH WILL, YUH OL' TINHORN LAWMAN - YUH'LL FIND JEST EXACTLY WHUT I **WANT** YUH TUH FIND! HEH-HEH-HEH!



THE DURANGO

LATE THAT NIGHT-IN THE RANCH HOUSE OF THE LAZY X...

A LITTLE MORE FIXIN' UP AN' THIS PLACE IS GONNA LOOK DOWNRIGHT PURTY. TANGLED WITH YESTERDAY PARDNER.

YES. BUT YOU KNOW-I'M STILL WORRIED ABOUT THOSE BADHAT SQUATTERS WE WONDER WHAT THEIR GAME WAS...?



OH NO? I JEST FOUND FOUR SMUGGLED MEXICAN STEERS HID IN THUH HILLS ON YORE RANGE. YORE LAZY X BRAND WAS PLASTERED OVER THE OLD MEXICAN BURN!

AN' A DURN CLUMSY JOB O' BRANDBLOTTIN' EF I SAY SO MUHSELF!



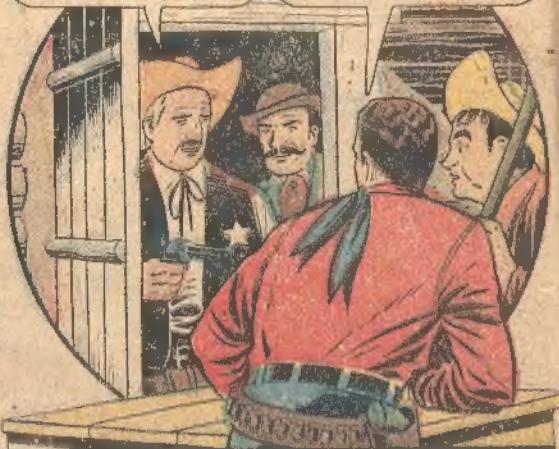
I TELL YOU IT'S A PLANT. SHERIFF -BUT I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO COME ALONG WITH YEAH / GRAB YOU. I'LL GET MY HAT...

YEAH / GRAB YORE SOMBRERO AN' START MOVIN'!



ALL RIGHT, YUH SMUGGLIN' RANNIES- REACH! YUH'RE BOTH UNDER ARREST!

WHA-A-A-T? WHAT'S THE IDEA, SHERIFF? YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON US!



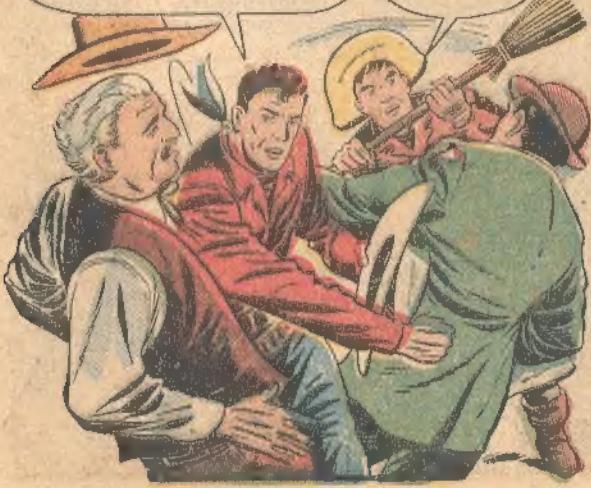
OKAY, SHERIFF -I'LL START MOVING!

WHUT THUH...!



SORRY, SHERIFF-BUT I DON'T SEE ANY OTHER WAY OUT OF THIS FOR NOW!

OH NO YUH DON'T, HOMBRE!



COME ON, PARDNER-LET'S GET OUT FAST!

RIGHT BEHIND YUH, STEVIE!



THE DURANGO KID

THIS IS GREAT - TWO NIGHTS ON OUR OWN RANCH AN' WE'RE **OUTLAWS!** GOODBYE, LAZY X - AN' ALL OUR SAVIN'S! HEY! WHUT THUH HECK WE RUNNIN' PER EF WE'RE INNERTENT?

DON'T RECKON
WE'LL GET MUCH
CHANCE TO PROVE
OUR INNOCENCE
IN JAIL,
PARDNER!

...AND THAT SHERIFF DIDN'T LOOK SMART ENOUGH TO LATCH ON TO THE **REAL** FACTS. THIS TIES IN WITH THOSE BADHATS WHO GUNWHIPPED US YESTERDAY. THERE'S BEEF SMUGGLING GOING ON AROUND HERE...!



...AND IF THE SMUGGLED CATTLE COMES FROM MEXICO - WHY THEN, **MEXICO'S** THE PLACE TO LOOK!



A FEW DAYS LATER - IN A TINY MEXICAN TOWN JUST OVER THE BORDER...



COUPLA DUMB JASPER'S BOUGHT THUH LAZY X, WHAR WE BEEN STOWIN' THUH BEEF. BUT WE SHORE GAVE 'EM A SCARE. GUESS THEY'RE STILL RUNNIN'!

HA-HA-HA! YOU ARE MUCHO SMART HOMBRE, SENOR!



I STILL WANT YORE BEEF, RAMANO. I HAVE THUH CASH WITH ME.

EXCELENTO! I WILL GIVE YOU A RECEIPT.. AND I WILL DELIVER THE LONGHORNS MYSELF TONIGHT, THROUGH OUR SECRET TUNNEL UNDER THE BORDER!

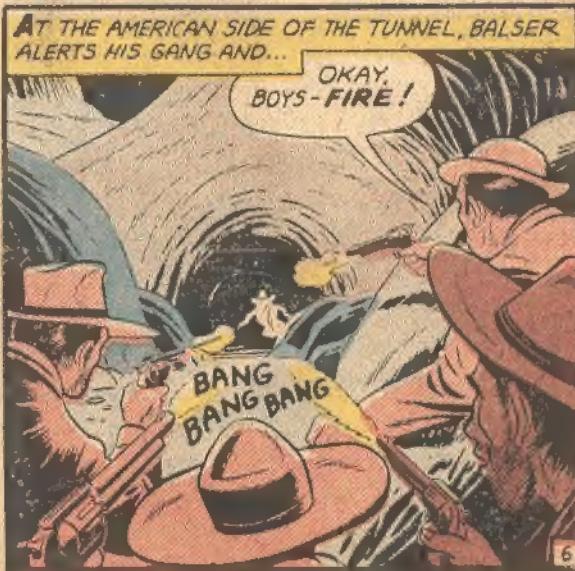


THE DURANGO KID

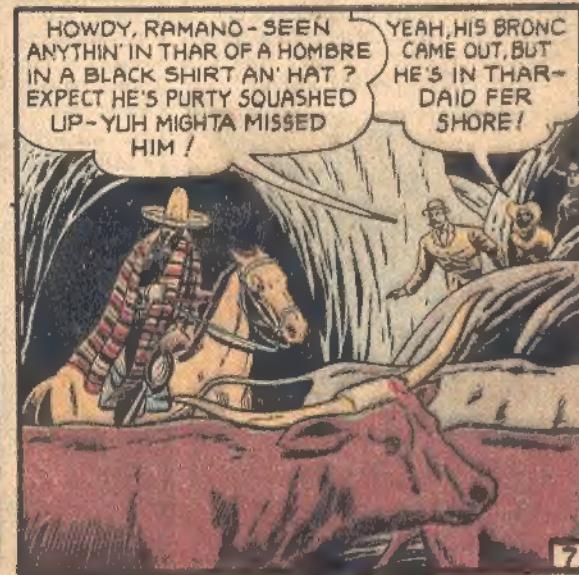
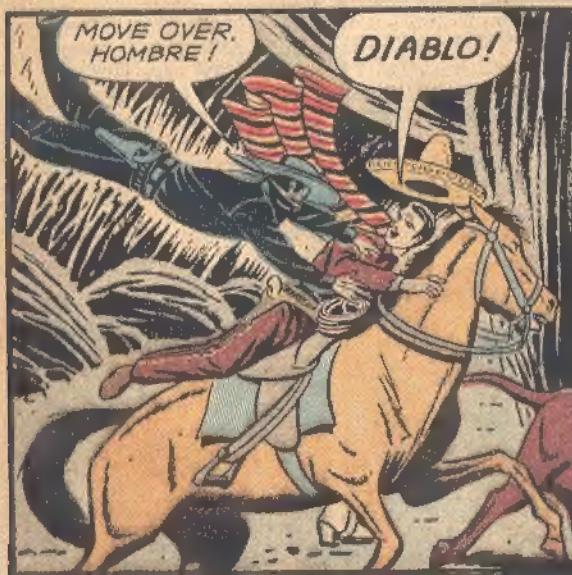
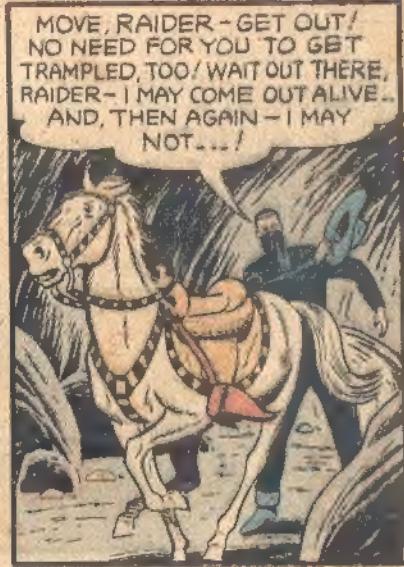
I RECKON THAT'S IT, PARDNER! THET'S THUH HOMBRE WHO WUZ WITH THUH SHERIFF COUPLE NIGHTS AGO.

YOU SKIP OVER THE BORDER AND GET THE SHERIFF AND A POSSE, MULEY. I'M GOING TO TRAIL BALSER AND LOCATE THAT TUNNEL.

THAT SLEAZY SMUGGLER'S GOING TO TANGLE WITH **THE DURANGO KID - TONIGHT!**



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



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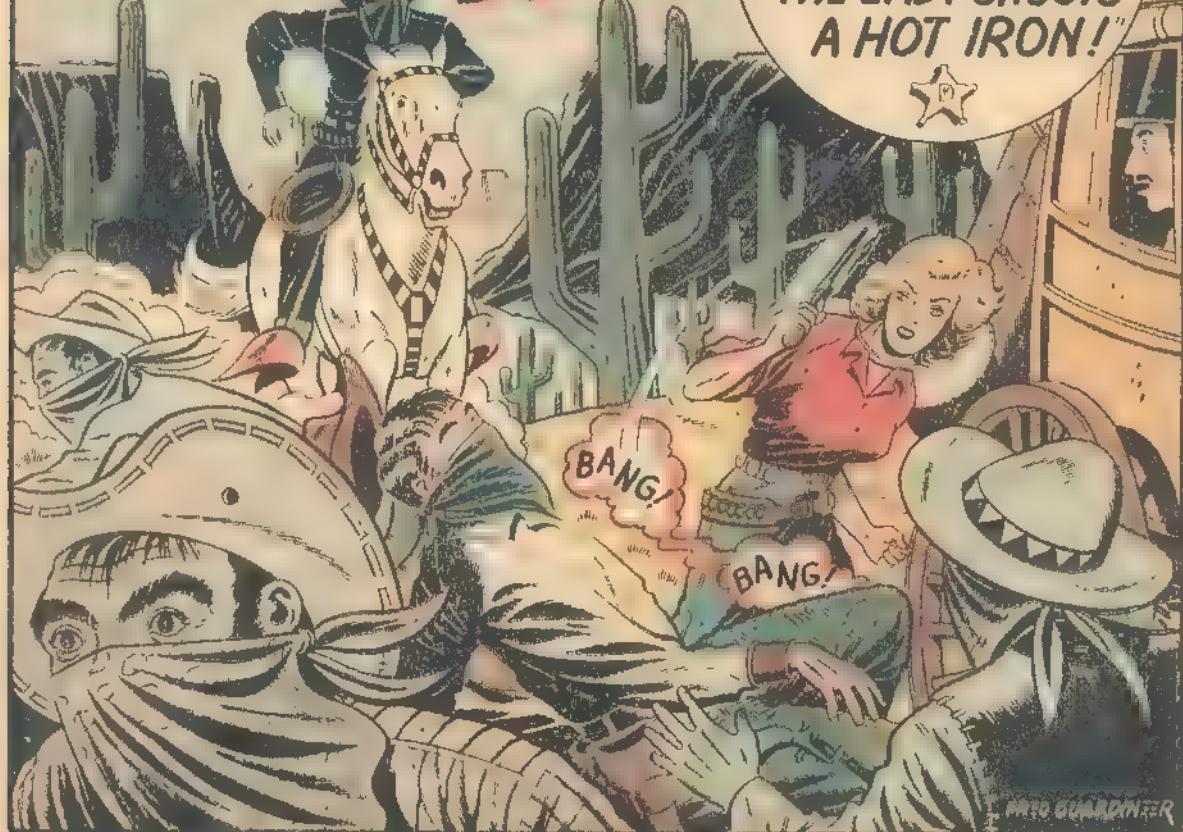
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NAME _____
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The DURANGO KID

THE DURANGO KID
SLAPS LEATHER TO
DEFEND A HELPLESS
GIRL FROM WHAT COULD
BE CERTAIN MURDER. BUT
FINDS SURPRISE IN THE
SADDLE WHEN

"THE LADY SHOOTS
A HOT IRON!"



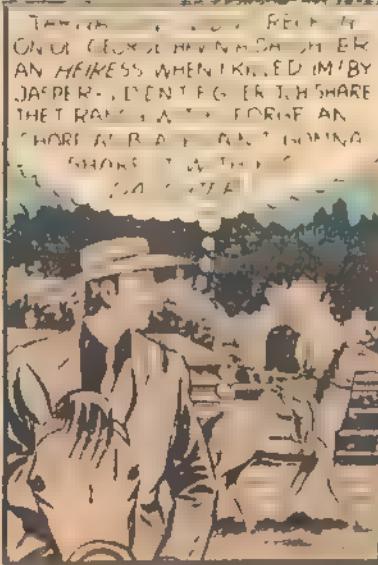
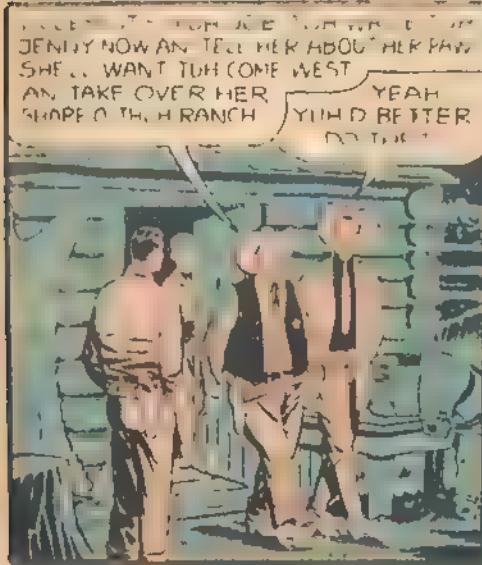
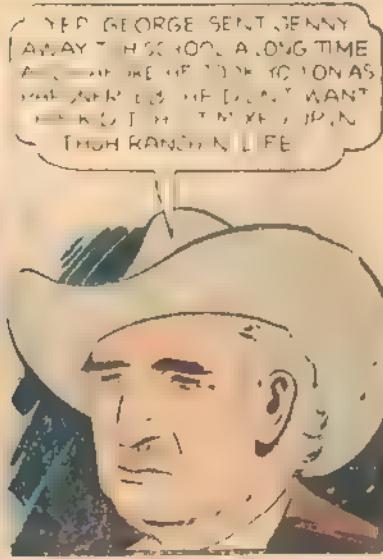
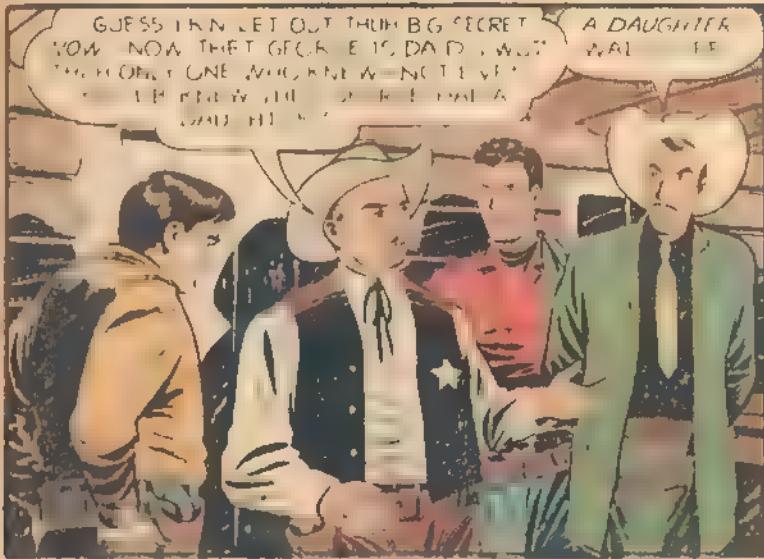
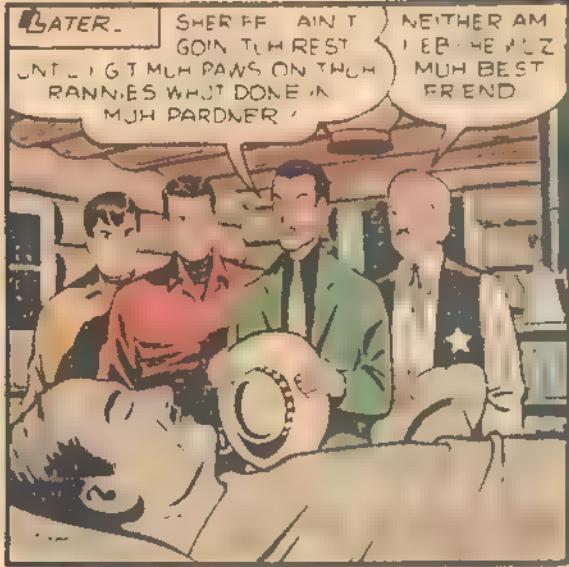
ONE NIGHT, MULEY AND STEVE
HEAR A SCRATCHING ON THE DOOR
OF THEIR NEW RANCHHOUSE

IT'S GEORGE JASMINE -
OUR NEIGHBOR FROM THUH
J-BAR-J /

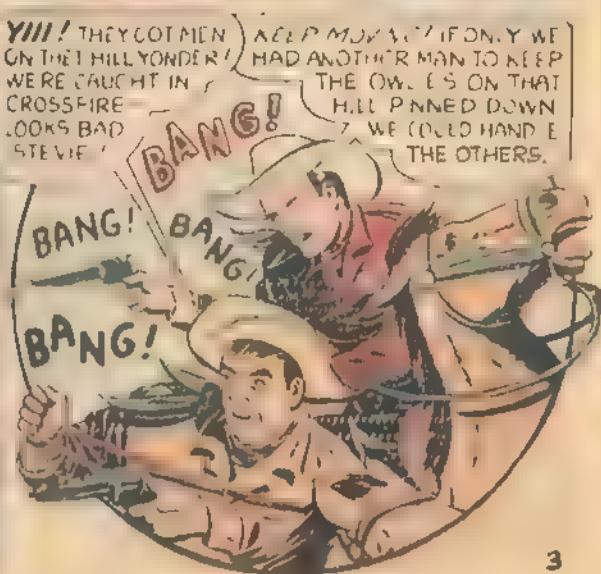
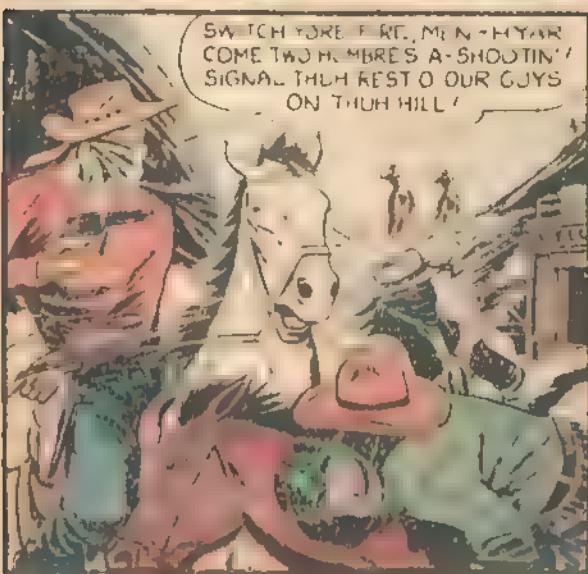
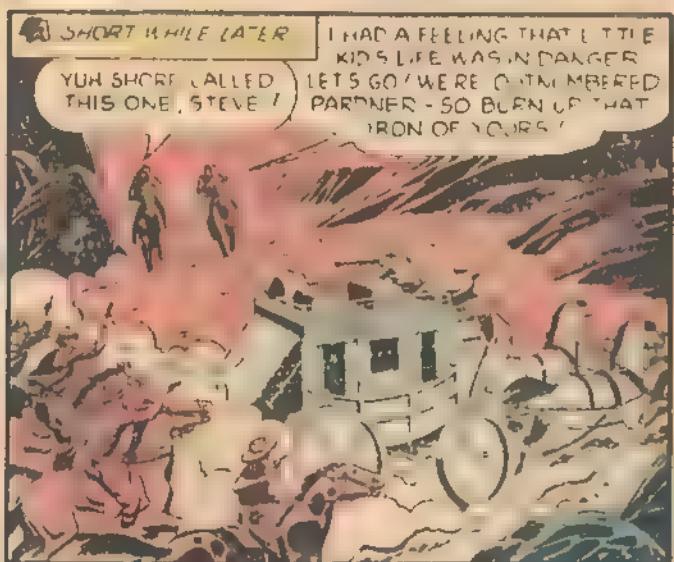
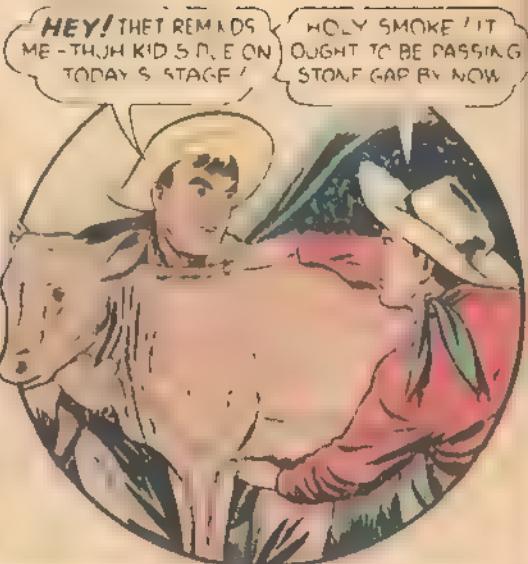
AND HE'S HURT BAD!
LET'S GET HIM INSIDE
FAST, MULEY!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

JUST THEN, FROM THE STAGECOACH...

NEED ANY HELP GENTLEMEN?

BANG! BANG!

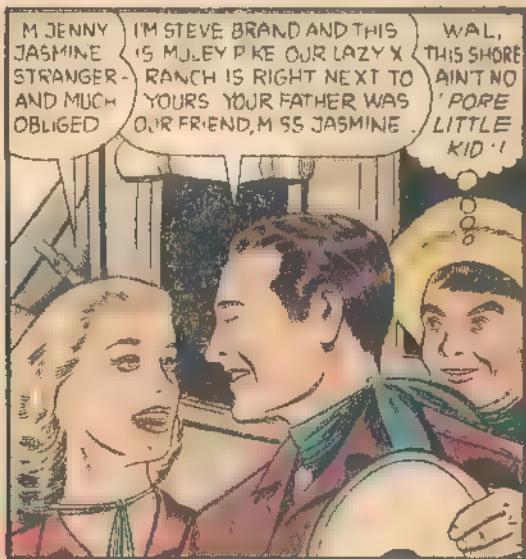
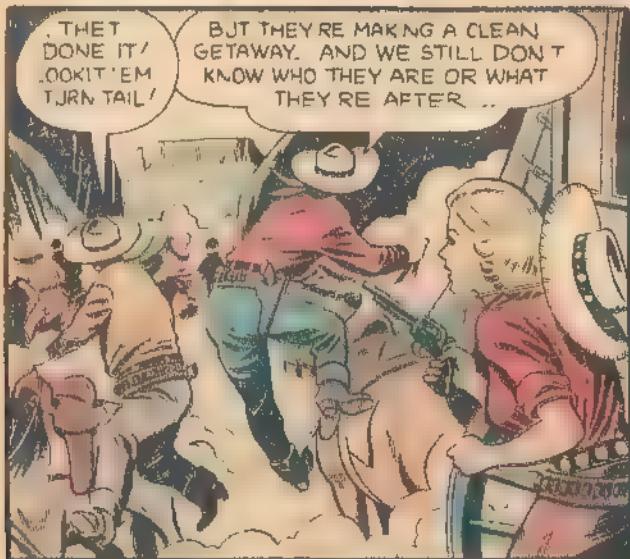


THEY DONE IT!
OOKIT 'EM
TJRN TAIL!

BUT THEY'RE MAKING A CLEAN
GETAWAY. AND WE STILL DON'T
KNOW WHO THEY ARE OR WHAT
THEY'RE AFTER...

M JENNY
JASMINE
I'M STEVE BRAND AND THIS
IS MJLEY PKE OUR LAZY X
STRANGER- RANCH IS RIGHT NEXT TO
AND MUCH YOURS YOUR FATHER WAS
OBLIGED OUR FRIEND, MISS JASMINE

WAL,
THIS SHORE
AIN'T NO
'PORE
LITTLE
KID!!



I DON'T KNOW WHY, MISS, BUT WHOEVER
KILLED YOUR FATHER IS AFTER YOU, TOO.
YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER UNTIL WE
CLEAR THIS UP. I'D ADVISE THAT YOU
STICK CLOSE TO US AND THE SHERIFF
FOR PROTECTION.

NOW GET THIS STRAIGHT
MISTER! I'M NOT HIDING BEHIND
ANY MAN FOR PROTECTION! I
HANDLE MY OWN GUN AND
TAKE CARE OF MY OWN AFFAIRS!
I'LL THANK YOU TO TAKE CARE
OF YOUR OWN AFFAIRS!



I TELL YOU THAT YOU'RE
JUST A WOMAN AND NEED TRY, STEVE
PROTECT ON! I'M GOING TO
TRAIL YOU ANYWAY, WHETHER I'LL SHOOT
YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!
YOUR EARS
OFF!



THE DURANGO KID

WELL, I'LL BE! THAT
CRAZY LITTLE XEN I'VE
GOT A GOOD NOT ON IT
TURN HER OVER MY
KNIFE AND

EE YIH MEAN
SHE GOT
SPR' SHE
SHORE HAS
PARDNER

LAST THE SAME 'N' NOT GOING
TO LET THAT HOT HEADED DAME
STOP ME. THERE'S GOT TO BE
SOME CUE. LET'S TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS GIN. I SHOT IT OUT OF
ONE OF THOSE OWLHOOFS,
HANS

THIS
HAMMER
HAS BEEN
REPAIRED
AND NOT
SO LONG
AGO

EF THET AIN'
NO CLE I'LL BE
GREASED FER A
HOG. LET'S TAKE
IN TUH THUH
TOWN BLACKSMITH



SHORT TIME LATER AT THE BLACKSMITH SHOP

SHORE I REMEMBER FIXIN' THIS THING ALL WE
WON STEVE IT WUZ JEST LAST WANT TURN W
WEEK ONE O' HIM HANDS UP HI BECKY THINKS
THE J-BAR J BROUGHT IT IN A MILLION

THE T GUN COMES FROM THE J BAR J
NSIDE JOB AND JENNY JASM NES
KNOW WHAT THE T
N'S ANY STEVIE?

I SURE DO PARDNER IT'S AN
NSIDE JOB AND JENNY JASM NES
WALKING R GHT INTO A TRAP
, WEY AT O MOVE EAST



AND IF JENNY JASM N'SHESNT
WANT STEVE BRAND TO MIX
INTO HER AFFAIRS THEN
THE DURANGO KID
WILL

EXCEP' STEVE
IS TIME DURANGO
TOOK A HAND
AROUND HYAR
ANYWAY!



AND MEANWHILE
TEMPER - AND GOSH THAT STEVE
BRAND WAS NICE

HAD TO
LOSE MY
THUH J BAR J
YOU'RE HOME!



THE DURANGO KID

I'M EB SCARTH YORE PAW'S
PARTNER MISS JASMINE - AN'
YUH KIN JUST LEAVE
EVERYTHIN TUH ME

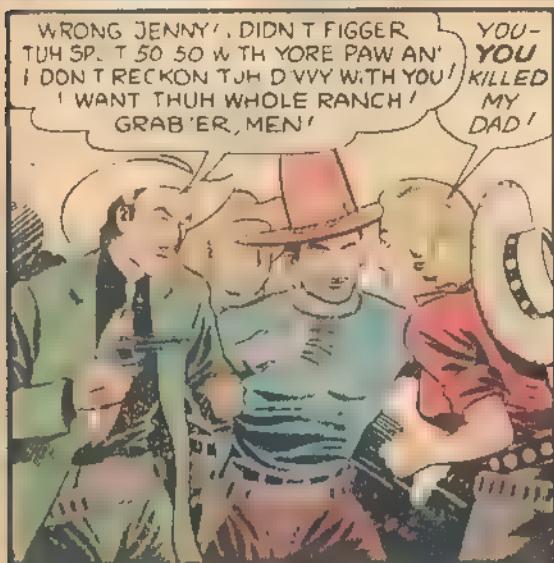
NOW
LOOK HERE,
MR SCARTH

LET'S UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. I'LL HAVE
NONE OF THIS NONSENSE ABOUT MY BEING 'JUST
A WOMAN' / IF WE'RE PARTNERS I'LL DO HALF
THE WORK AS WELL AS TAKE HALF THE
PROFITS / THIS WILL BE SO-SO -
RIGHT DOWN THE LINE !



WRONG JENNY', DIDN'T FIGGER
TUH SP. T 50 50 W TH YORE PAW AN'
I DON'T RECKON TUH D VVY W TH YOU!
I WANT THUH WHOLE RANCH!
GRAB'ER, MEN!

YOU-
YOU
KILLED
MY
DAD!



Y!!!!!!
SHE'S A WILDCAT!
WE NEED MORE
MEN!

HOLD ER OFF
YEH BUMS SO I KIN
GIT A SHOT
AT ER'

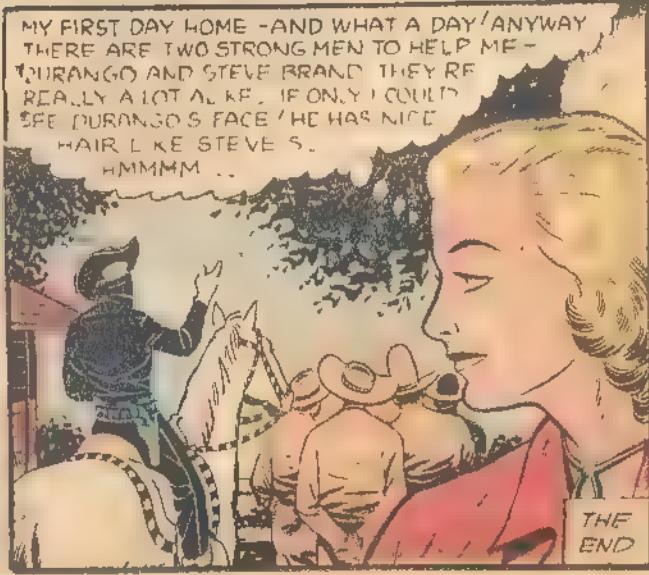
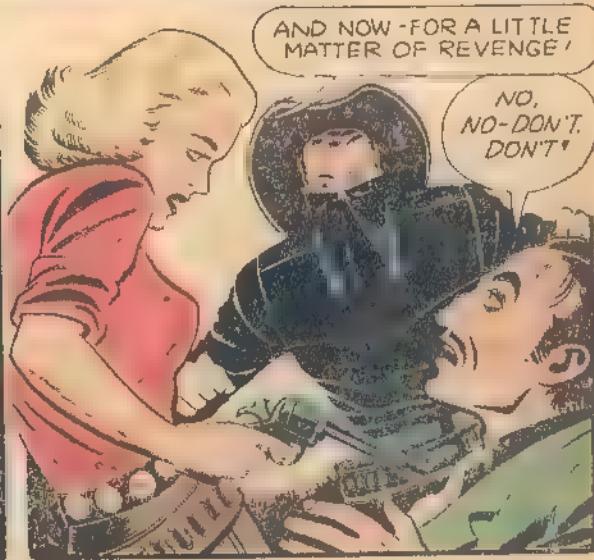
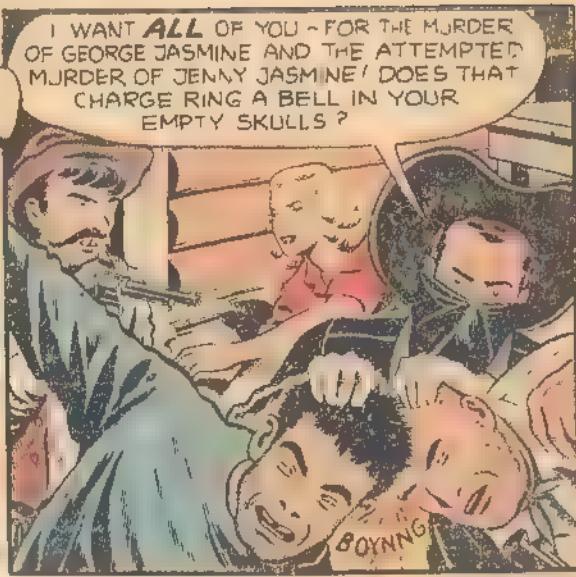
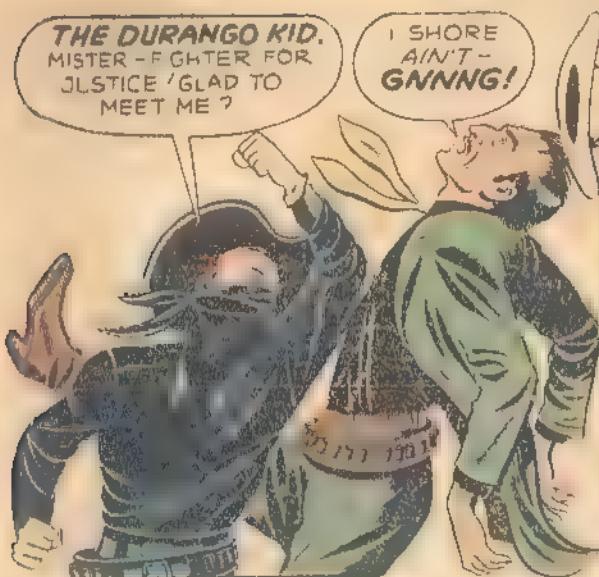


YOUN NEVER SHOOT
THAT KILLER'S GUN ANYMORE
EB SCARTH

Y!!!!!!
WHICH PLAZES
ARE YOU?



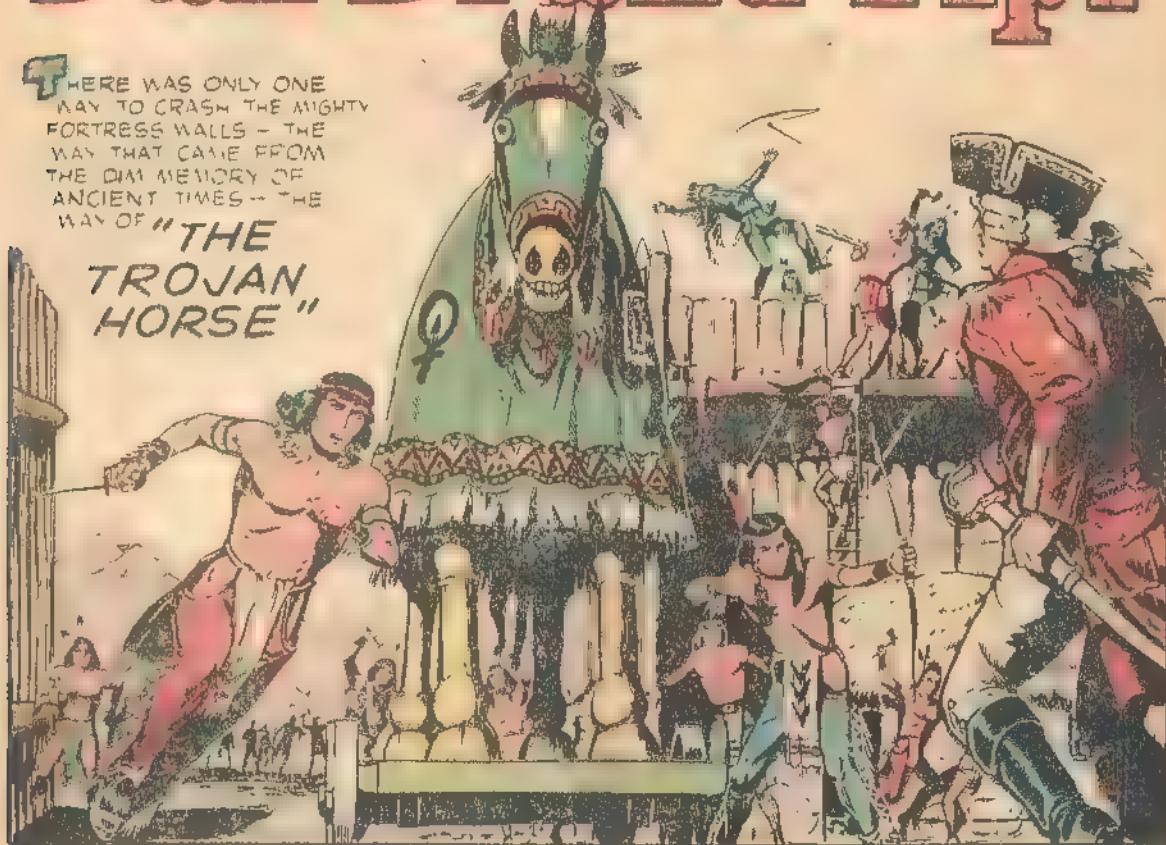
THE DURANGO KID



Dan Brand-Tipi

THERE WAS ONLY ONE
WAY TO CRASH THE MIGHTY
FORTRESS WALLS - THE
WAY THAT CAME FROM
THE DIM MEMORY OF
ANCIENT TIMES - THE
WAY OF "THE

**TROJAN
HORSE"**



DAN BRAND AND TIPPI ARE
BUSY ROUNDING UP INDIAN
ALLIES FOR THE REVOLU-
TIONARY ARMY ..

SO FAR
TIPPI HASN'T
BEEN ABLE
TO KEEP OUR
TRAJS'S
SECRET

AND A GOOD
THING! THE
BRITISH WOULD
GIVE PLenty
FOR OUR
HEADS

BIT
AMBUSH!
THEY'VE FOUND
OUR TRAIL
LOOK IT'S
BANN - AND HIS
GRANDMAJAS!

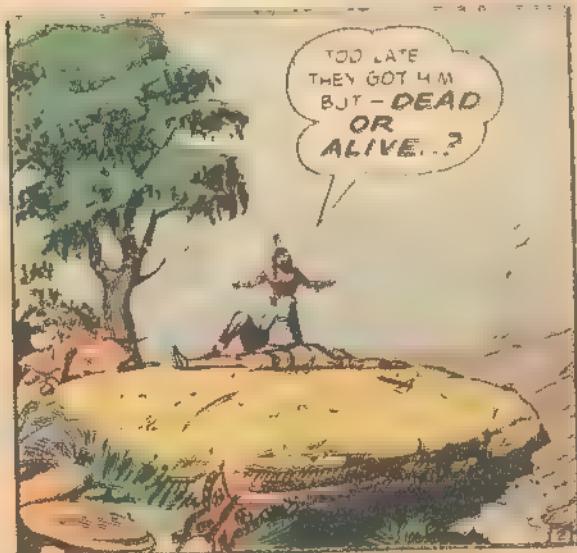
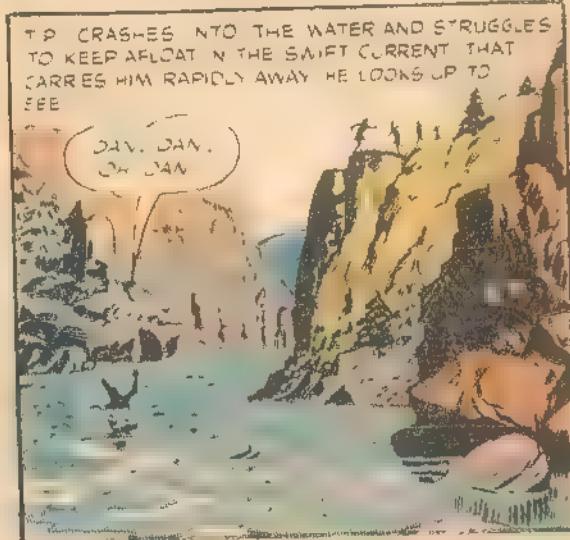
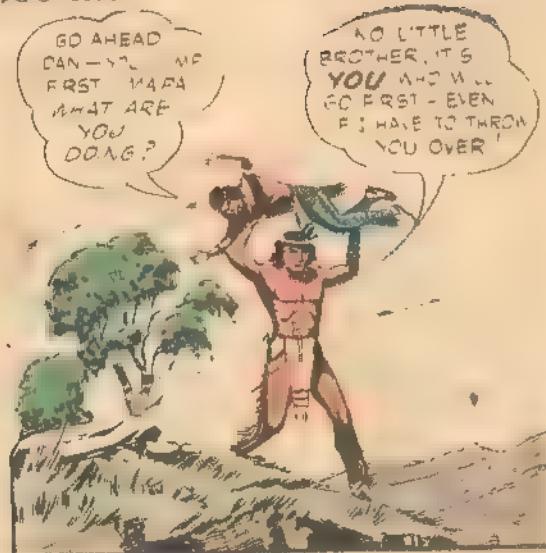
AND
BRITISH
SOLDIERS
TOO AND
THERE
ARE MORE
BEHIND
US!

THEY'RE
GOING
FOR US.
RECKON
THE CLIFF
ACROSS
THE RIVER
IS BELLY

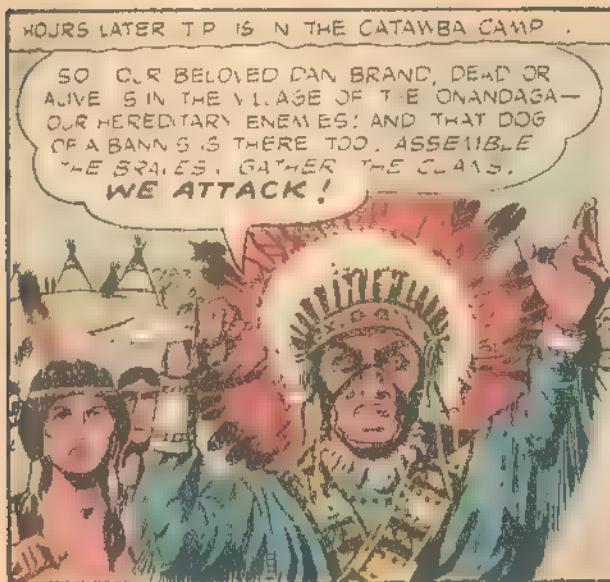
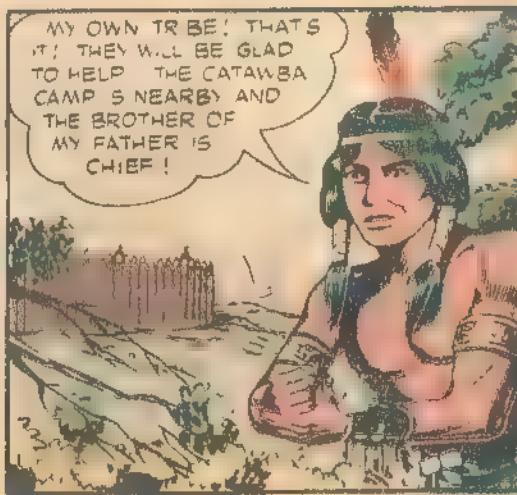
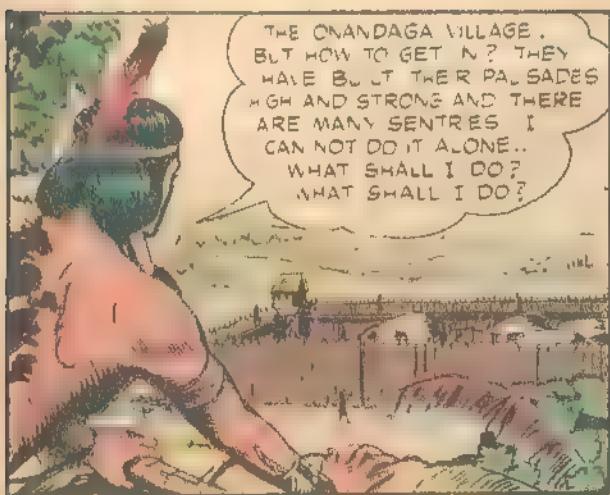
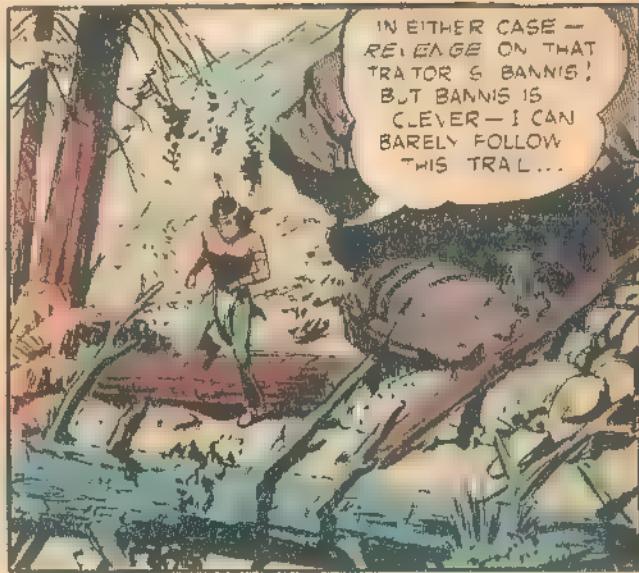
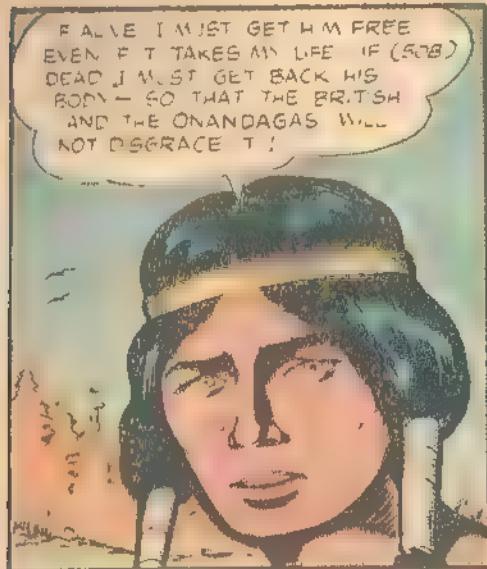
IT'S OUR
ONLY WAY
OUT



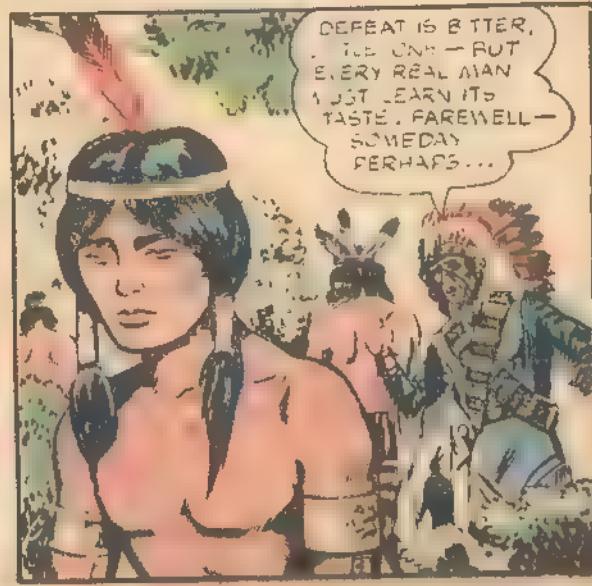
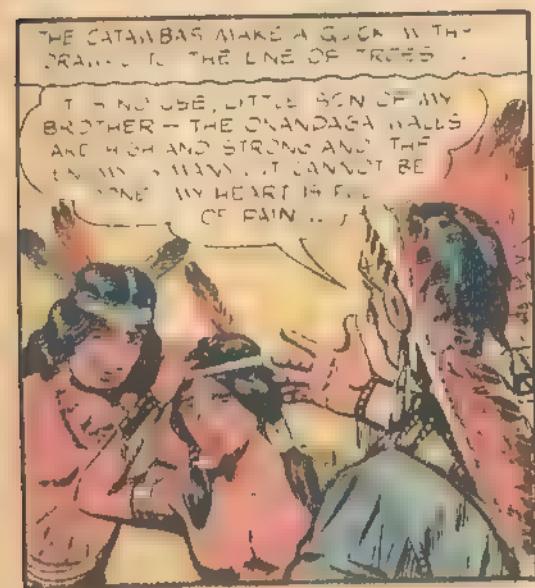
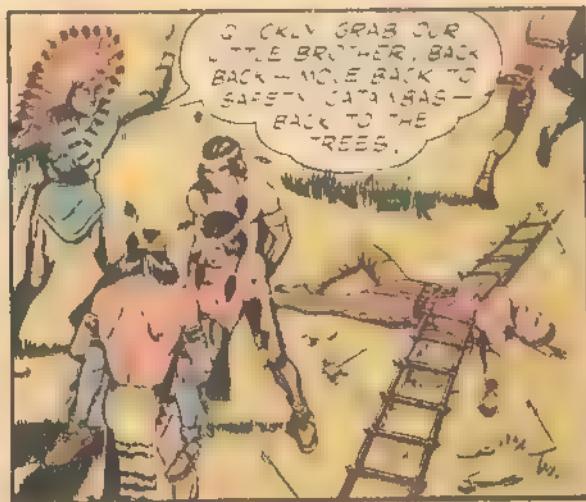
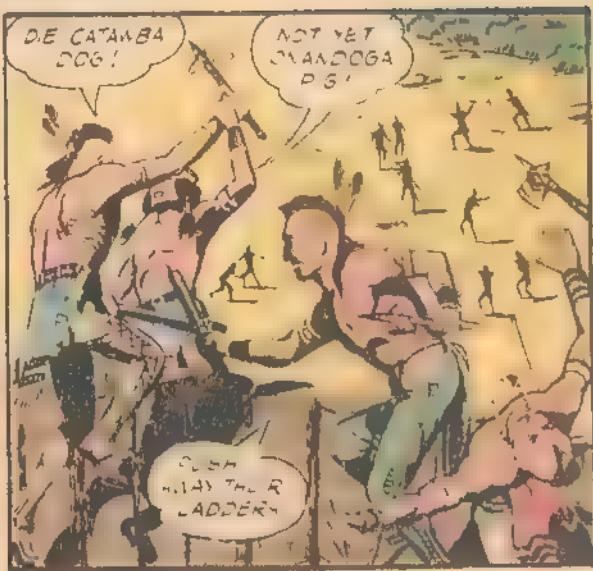
THE DURANGO KID



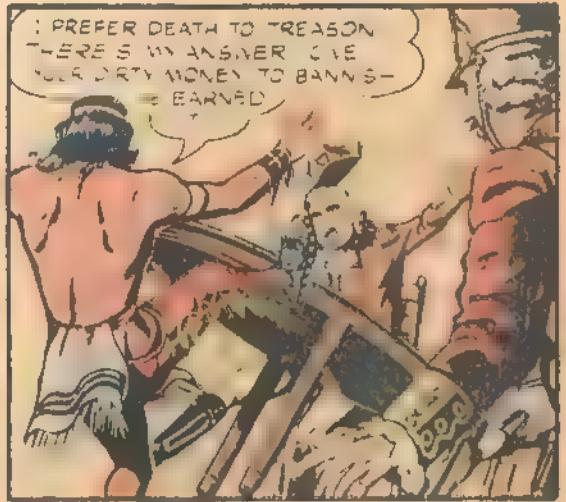
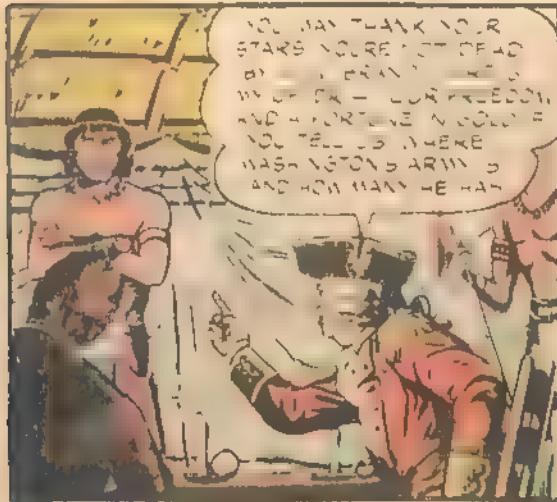
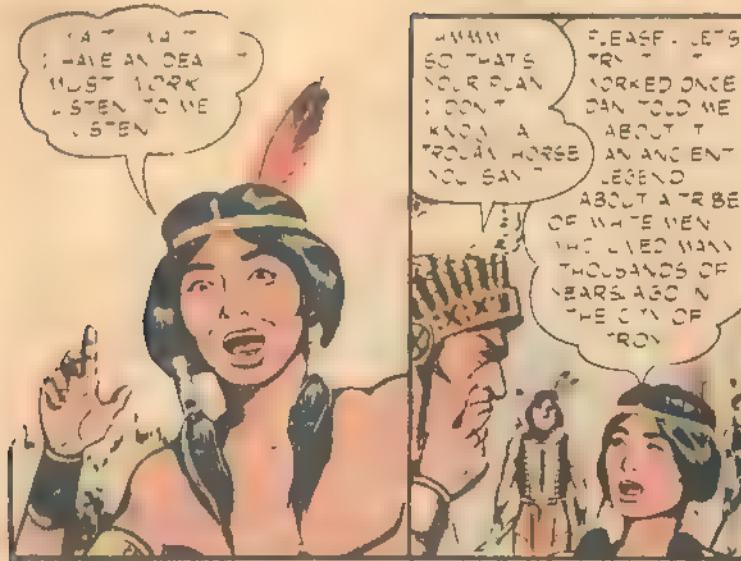
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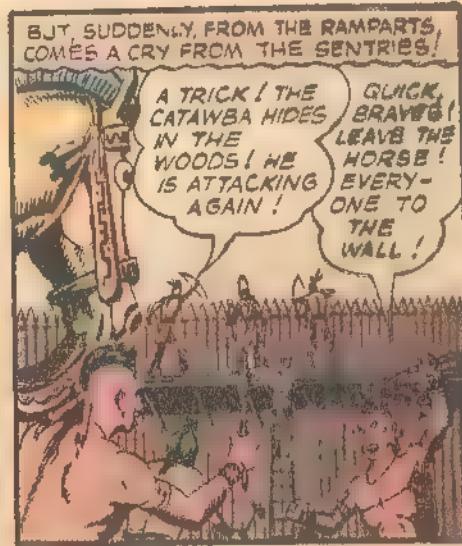
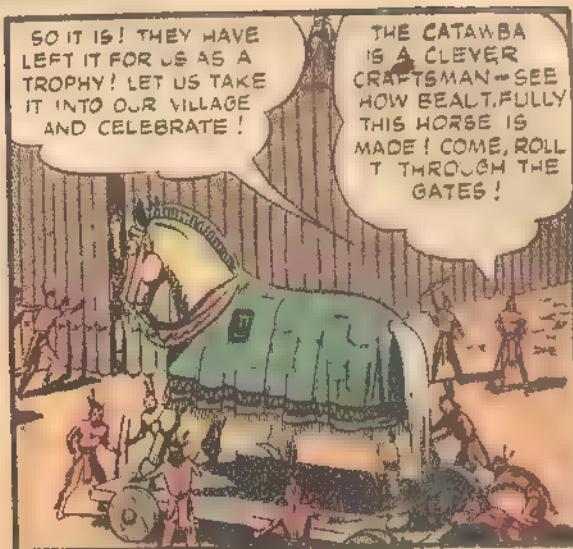
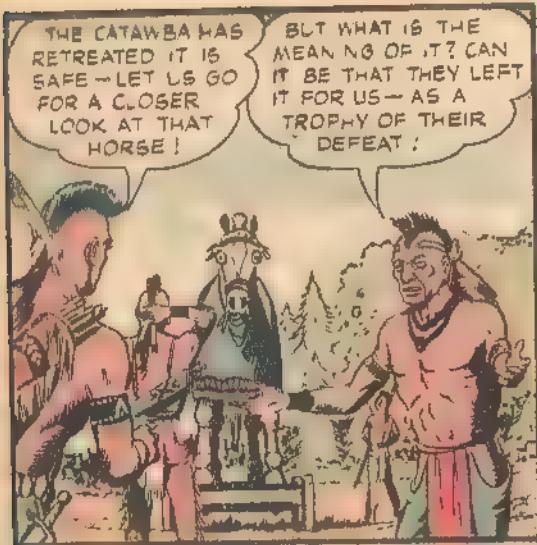
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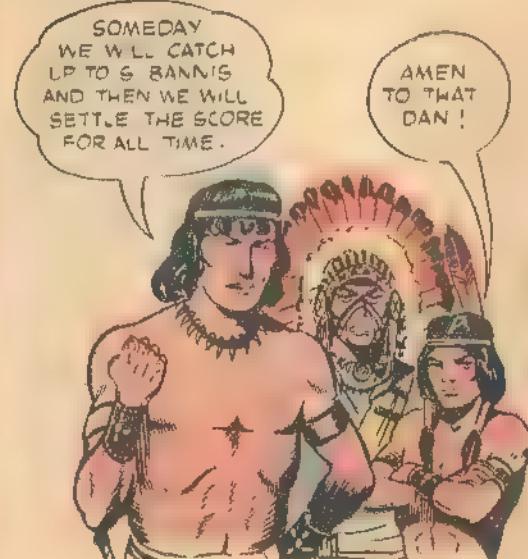
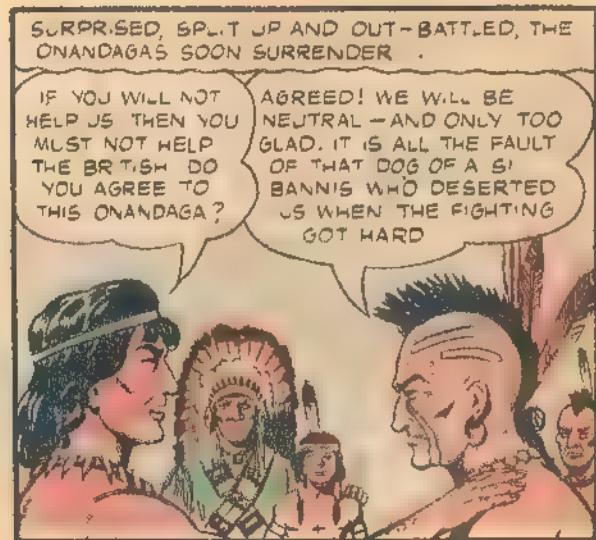
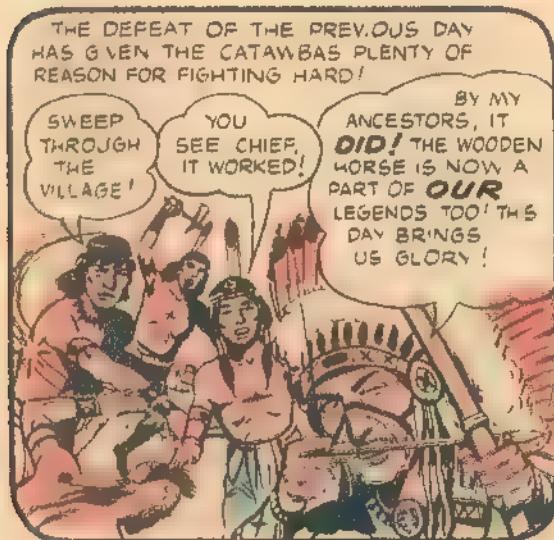
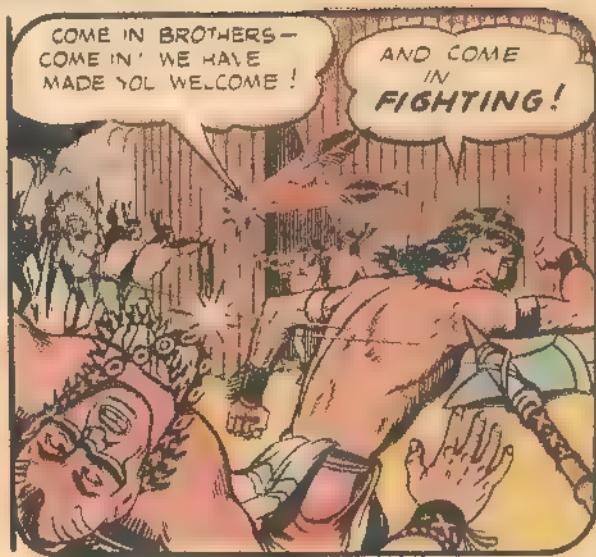
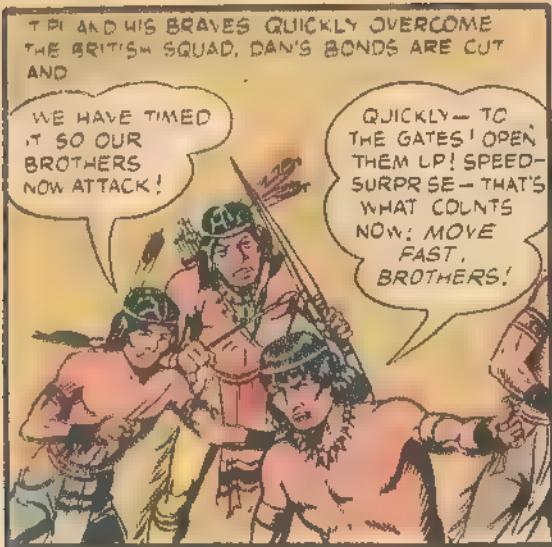
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THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE END

FIGHTING MAN

TAKOWA, the Comanche boy, stood beside the cooking pots in front of his father's white buffalo skin tipi and growled fiercely. His dark black eyes were fastened on the trotting ponies and the black painted warriors astride them, who were following the war chief, One Arrow, out of the encampment for a surprise attack on the Osages who had been raiding the Comanche horse herds.

"I am old enough to go," he told the soft breeze that swirled around the tipi. "I am twelve. If I do not win my eagle feather soon I will be too old to fight! I will be gray and wrinkled and weak, like Hehaka!"

Kicking at the dust, he walked past his father's spear stick and war shield that hung before the tipi. His heart thumped as he ran his eyes over the grisly trophies of the Indian battlefields. Some day he would have such trophies before his own tipi. Some day . . .

Takowa sighed and walked toward the rope picket line where the Indian ponies browsed on the short plains grass. He picked out his own mount, a buckskin pony named Wild Wind. Takowa's father was a rich man and had bought Wild Wind for Takowa three moons before. Even Little Bird, the medicine man, admitted that Wild Wind was the fastest pony in all the Comanche herds!

"With Wild Wind between my knees, I could count coup against the Arapahoes and Osages all on the same day!" Takowa growled angrily. To count coup was to touch an enemy with the hand or weapon in battle. It was a very high honor among the Indians of the plains.

He rode steadily, not wanting to play with his boyhood friends. He felt that Loop and Spear and Shiny and Snow Snake were games beneath his notice. "Let Chapa and Hehaka play those games. They do not have a pony that can outrun the wind!"

Takowa mounted up from the deep, thick grama grass of the flats into the shrub-dotted slopes below the timber line. Thin, gnarly limbs of ocotilla, and the flat, prickly bulbs of the cactus plants lent a splash of color to the dun ground. A breeze ruffled his shiny

black hair that was bound with bone ornaments. His nostrils quivered. Takowa lifted his head suddenly alert.

He had caught the pungent harsh odor of Indian war paint in that breeze!

"One Arrow will have led the braves far from this point," the Comanche boy told himself. "Therefore, the war paint I smell is not Comanche war paint! If not—then whose?"

Like an eel, Takowa slipped over the side of Wild Wind and hung there, one hand buried in the thick mane of the little buckskin. The headed moccasin on his left foot rested on the pony's rump, but with luck, it would not be seen!

Bobbing to the buckskin's every stride Takowa peered under his mount's throat. His breath choked and he sputtered.

A thin line of war-painted Osages were moving slowly down from the pine-covered hills, the wind rustling the feathers dangling from their painted shields, jingling the bits of metal and shell on arm and hair. Takowa heard the rattle of the bone breastplates as a warrior turned in the saddle to look about. They were bound for the defenseless Comanche camp!

Takowa drummed a heel on Wild Wind's belly. The little buckskin fled like a startled fawn before the twang of the Indian bowstring. At such a d'rance he looked to the onriding Osages like a wild, masterless horse.

His heart was making so much noise in his excitement that Takowa could hardly think. He knew what would happen when those black-visaged Osage braves hit the Comanche town. There would be screams and flowing blood, scalps ripped from heads, war arrows thunking into the few crippled or aged men who had been left behind! Takowa thought of his pretty mother, and his baby brother, and his lips tightened.

"What can I do?" he asked himself. "I wanted to be a warrior and a hero. Now I have the chance. But one twelve-year-old Comanche boy cannot fight fifty Osage braves!"

He knew, deep inside him, that even Young Buffalo, his father, or One Arrow himself,

THE DURANGO KID

could do nothing! And yet—

Forgetting himself Takowa straightened on the buckskin's back. It his little idea would only work! He banged his moccasined heels into the pony's back and clung with strong young hands to the thick mane.

He rode into the Comanche village in a cloud of dust. His young voice carried the grim news from tipi to tipi as he flashed by cooking fires and meat racks. Vaguely he was aware of running women, of an old man hobbling out into the open, a war lance in his feeble hands.

Takowa reined in before the tipi of Broken Bow, the Comanche warrior who had suffered a thigh wound driving off the last Osage attack on the horse herds. Quickly, Takowa outlined his plan. As he listened, a grim smile quirked Broken Bow's mouth. He nodded agreement.

Then Takowa whirled Wild Wind and sent him at full gallop out onto the flats beyond the village where boys like Chapa and Hehaka were dropping their play sticks and running toward him.

"Osage braves!" Takowa shouted, pointing behind him. "Riding to the village! We have played many games together, my friends. But we are to play a grim game now—a game of war!"

The flat brown faces of the boys lighted eagerly. With gutteral shouts they thronged about him to listen. Takowa said, "Broken Bow will get us bows and arrows, spears and war paint! Mount your fastest ponies and meet me at the council tipi!"

Broken Bow had enlisted the quick, deft hands of the women. Bows and arrows were passed to boy after boy as he sat his horse, his face smeared hideously. Takowa was moving Wild Wind back and forth, speaking quickly.

"We have played at ambush many times, my brothers! Now we carry a man's weapons. It is not to be play now, but war! And yet—give us good ambush spots, and luck with our first arrows, and we may yet turn back the Osage dogs!"

It was a mad scheme. One Arrow or Young Buffalo would have sent the boys to their tipis with backhand blows and derisive shouts. But One Arrow and Young Buffalo were gone, and there were none to stop these vigorous future fighters. They had the blind blissfulness of inexperience in real warfare plus youth's firm, insistent belief in its own powers.

And then—loosed secretly by Little Bird, the medicine man—a young puppy went yap-ping through the Indian village. "Look!" cried Little Bird, lifting a bronzed arm from beneath his red blanket. "See the young dog testing its strength. It is a good sign! I promise victory—victory for our own young

welps riding on their first war trail!"

It was all Takowa needed. With a wild shout and a waving, upraised arm, Takowa led his friends out of the village on the gallop.

They went into the hills, at a racing run. High in the timber, among the twisted rocks of some forgotten riverbank, they flung themselves from their ponies and ran to the rim of the *malpais*.

Looking down they could see the Osages advancing at a steady jog. Their eyes were fixed on the distant Comanche village. They could tell the warriors were gone. Only women and old men and a few children were seen near the tipis and the cooking pots. The Osages gave harsh, grunting cries and yelps. Excitement lifted them taller. They shook bows and knives that flashed in the sunlight. A big, half-naked chief threw back his head and yapped like a dog—

It was Takowa's arrow that took the Osage chief in the throat, between jaw and collarbone. And as his arrow thudded home, other arrows whined in the air, to plunk in grisly fashion in chest and arm and leg. The boys above, their blackened faces seen here and there above a rock or shrub as they bent their war bows, were fiercely intent. Often had they played like this among these very rocks. Now play was—reality!

And yet, so sudden was the attack, so merciless were the long arrows flashing in the sunlight, that eight of the Osage warriors tumbled from their saddles before the others found their attackers! Yelps and howls of rage echoed from their throats. Lances were lifted and hurled! Osage bows bent and Osage bow-strings twanged!

Takowa stood at his full height. "Look! Look!" he shouted. "One Arrow returns! With him ride our Comanche fighting men!"

The Osages, sunk in the narrow trail, had no way of measuring the truth of Takowa's shouted words. Grunting and shouting their anger, they wheeled their horses about and pummeled the animals' sides with their moccasined heels.

It was two days later when the Comanche braves returned from the warpath, to learn the tale of Takowa and his boy-warriors. Little Bird, the medicine man, and the crippled Broken Bow, were profuse in their praise. Pride glittered in Young Buffalo's eyes as the medicine man planted a coup stick ornate with a feather denoting one coup, beside Young Buffalo's own coup stick. "He will be a great fighter, your son Takowa," prophesied Little Bird.

And Takowa, hoping in his heart that Little Bird was right, ran past them to join Chapa and Hehaka at their play. After all, a twelve-year-old boy cannot be a fighting man every hour of the day!

The DURANGO KD

THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH
GOLD IS THAT IT'S MIGHTY
HARD TO HOLD ON TO
BUT MILEY FINDS THAT IT'S
EVEN DICHER TO HOLD ON
TO HIS LIFE IN

"MULEY PIKE'S
BIG GOLD RUSH!"

OKAY BILL - SONG
H'MOVER NOW THEM
GOLD MINE LL BE
ALL OURS!

FRED
GUARDINEER

ONE DAY AS MILEY CHASES
A MAVERICK CALF

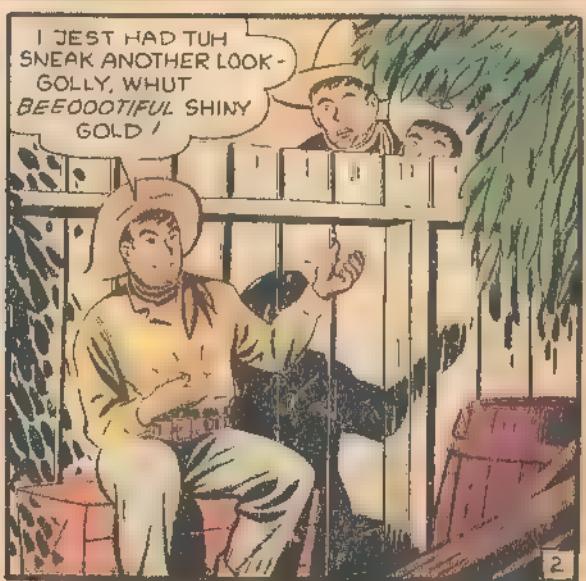
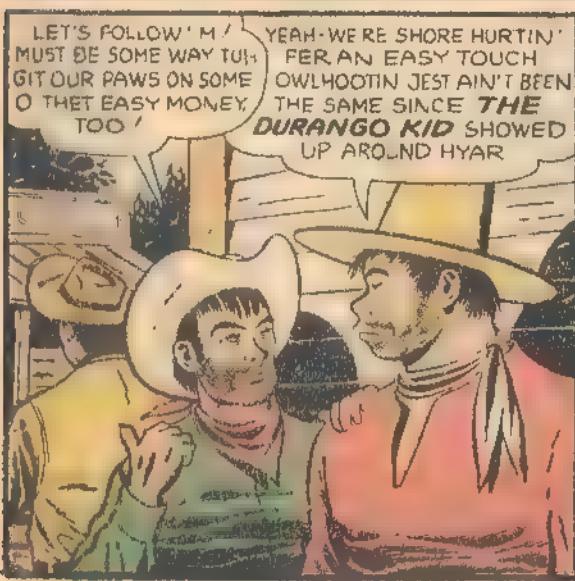
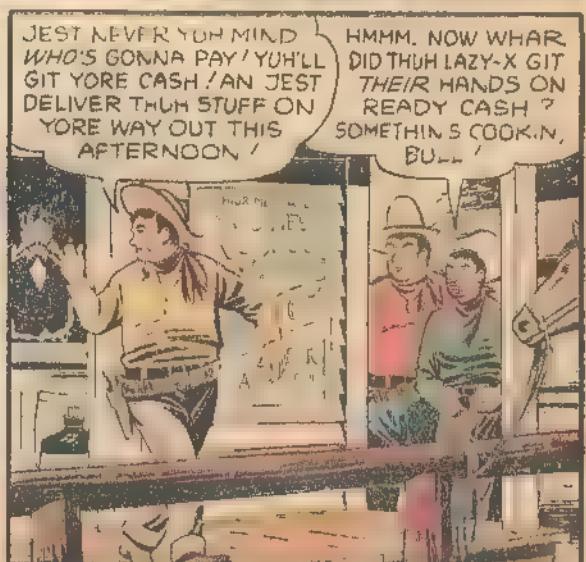
YEOW!

DOGGONT! GONE DING THH
MATTER W THH FIGGRO ND
HAR... I HEAR MIL HHOSS'S
FOOT SUNK RIGHT
THROUGH...

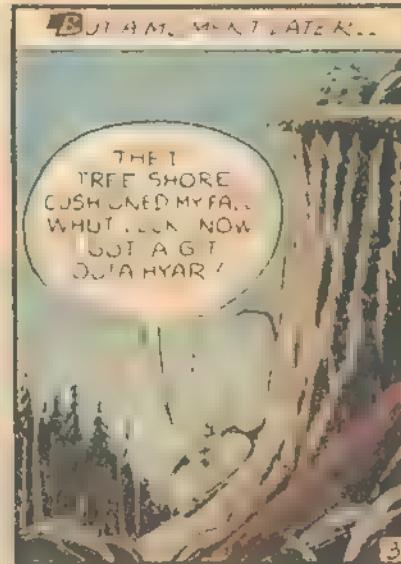
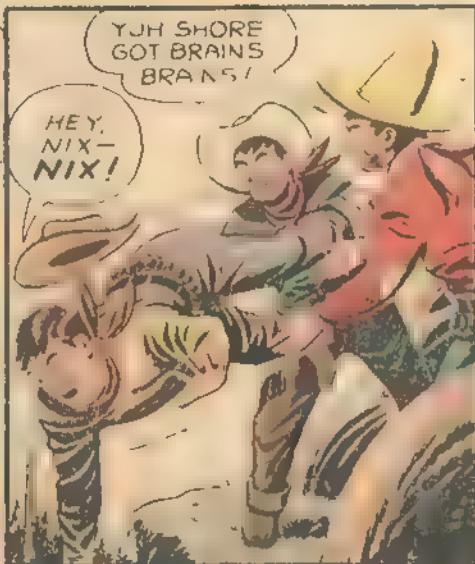
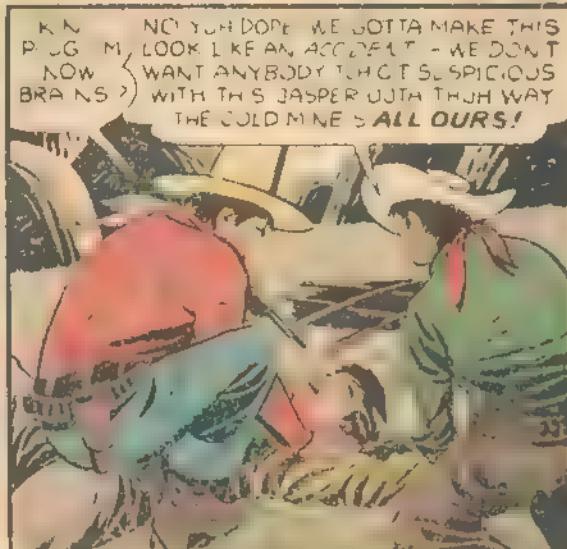
WHUT THUH -
A CAVE-IN!
YEOW!

HEY THIS MUST BE SOME KND
O ABANDONED MNE' WONDER
WHUT KND O STUFF WZ
N HYAR 'LL LOOK
AK UND AND.

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

BUT ON TOP OF ME HE SAID

THE
DAY
DIDN'T
BREAK NO
THIN' LET ME
OVER

ON THE HILL

ONE BOULDER
WAS DOWN ON ME
TILL I CAME - NORMALLY JESUS LIE
IN THE MAW OF THE GHOST

NOW!



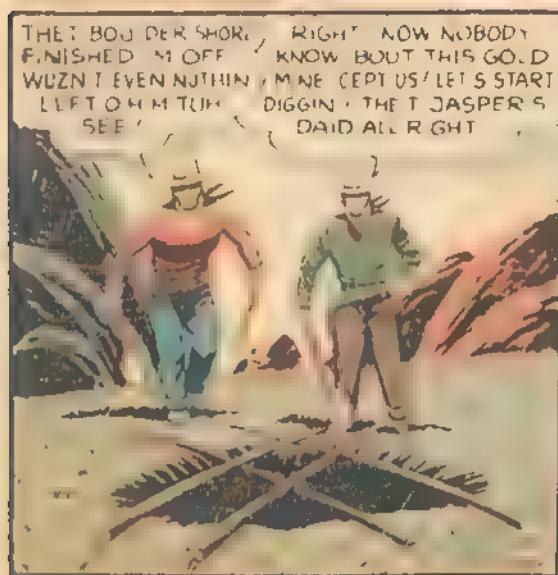
BUT A SMIT SECOND REPORT TO ROLLING LAND

YEOW-
ANOTHER
CAVE-IN!

ANOTHER CAVE-IN
IN THE GHOST TERRAIN
IS HAZARD - THE GHOST
IS OUTTAHAR EAST



THEY BOJ DER SHOR, RIGHT NOW NOBODY
FINISHED M OFF KNOW BOUT THIS GOLD
WUZNT EVEN NUTHIN' MINE CEPT US! LET'S START
LEFT OH M TUH DIGGIN' THE T JASPER'S
DAID ALL R GHT
SEE!



HOLY FLY-N COYOTES!
HE'S COME BACK
TUH HAUNT US!

GULP!
A-A
GHOST!



THE DURANGO KID

GHOSTS,
GHOSTS!
YIIL...!!

I JUST AINT WAITIN'
TUH SEE WHUT'LL
HAPPEN **THIS** TIME!
MOVE, FEET—
MOVE!

HOLD ON,
SHERIFF—
IT'S
MULEY!
WONDER
WHAT'S
WRONG?

STEVE / SHERIFF/
THAR'S OWLHOOT'S
TRYIN' TUH TAKE AWAY
OUR GOLD MINE!
DOZENS OF 'EM! I
LICKED A FEW OF 'EM,
BUT THEY WUZ TOO
MANY FER ME...!

GOLD MINE?
OWLHOOT'S?
**WHAT GOLD
MINE?**

THEY AINT NO
TIME T'EXPLAIN!
THEY WENT
THAT-A-WAY!



GRAB 'EM!
AN' SAVE ME A
COUPLE O'GOOD
LICKS!

HIT'S THUH JONES BROTHERS -WANTED
FER PETTY ROBBERY IN A DOZEN
STATES! ALL RIGHT, BOYS - YUH KIN
STOP RUNNIN' NOW!

OKAY, PARDNER-NOW START
TALKIN'! WHAT ABOUT THAT
GOLD MINE ?

JUST
FOLLY ME,
GENTS!



GOLD? HAW-HAW-HAW-HAW!
THET'S **PYRITE - FOOL'S GOLD!** AIN'T
WORTH A PENNY! THET FAKE MINE'S BEEN
MAKIN' A SUCKER OUTA GREENHORN
PROSPECTORS FER TWENTY YEARS!
YAK! YAK! YAK!

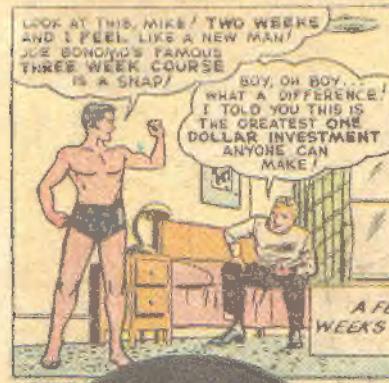
THAT NIGHT... ALL RIGHT,
PARDNER—
YOU JUST LOAD THAT STUFF
PRONTO AND TAKE IT BACK
TO THE STORE!

GRUMBLE...GRUMBLE...
WHY DON'T
SOMETHIN' **NICE**
HAPPEN TUH ME
FER A CHANGE?



THE
END

THREE WEEKS AND I MADE THIS "SAD SACK" HEP!



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